

*Selection of Poems
Sacred and Moral,*

BY

W. WINTERBOTHAM.

Vol. I.



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OF the present Selection, the Editor feels it unnecessary to say much, as many of the pieces that compose it, have stood the test of public criticism, and have had their respective share of approbation; a few words may however be necessary. In the choice of the several Pieces, the Editor has been principally guided by a sincere attachment to Christianity and genuine Liberty; and he has selected those only which, consistent with both, appeared to him, calculated to promote human happiness, by inspiring a confidential reliance on the Deity, a love of Morality, and an ardent attachment to public as well as to private virtue; how far he has succeeded is not for him to determine.

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Of the Professors of Christianity, he is far from supposing that he has pleased the whole, but he lays claim to the attempt of having endeavoured to avoid giving just offence to any. Several productions, the poetical merits of which cannot be questioned, have been rejected from the desire to admit no sentiments but what are common to Christians of every denomination; and if there still in this respect remains room for the exercise of Candour, the reader, it is hoped, will rather attribute it to the difficulty of selecting religious Poetry entirely free from sectarian tenets, than to any wish of the Editor to introduce into this work, the peculiar sentiments of any Party.

Attached to the cause of Liberty on a broad basis, and regretting the decay of public virtue in this Country, the Editor refrains from all apology for the sentiments of those Pieces, dedicated to its support; convinced of their intimate connection with social order, and human happiness, the fervent wish of his heart is, for their extensive promulgation, and the universal operation of their genuine influence.

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With respect to the form in which this selection appears, the Editor owes it to himself and some other Individuals, to say that it originated in the benevolent wishes of Friendship, to render his present situation more comfortable, by aiding his pecuniary resources. Whether this design should succeed or not, their kindness will remain the same, and their friendship will be held equally dear.

It now only remains for the Editor to express his sincere acknowledgments to his Friends and a generous Public, for the support he has hitherto experienced, and the favours he has received; and to assure them, that his highest ambition, will be to deserve a continuance of their good opinion and esteem, by a devotedness to the cause of Liberty and Truth.

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ERRATA.

Page 9, Line 1, for *Hearlds*, read *Heralds*
 19 - 2 - *Nature* - *Native*
 80 - 1 - *is* - *his*
 125 - 8 - *angilic* - *angelic*



POEMS,
SACRED AND MORAL.

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

GREATEST of Beings, source of life,
Sov'reign of air, and earth, and sea,
All nature feels thy pow'r, and all
A silent homage pay to thee!

Wak'd by thy hand, the morning Sun
Pours forth to thee its earlier rays;
And spreads thy glories as it climbs;
While raptur'd worlds look up and praise.

The Moon to the deep shades of night
Speaks the mild lustre of thy name;
While all the stars, that cheer the scene,
Thee, the Lord of light, proclaim.

And groves and vales, and rocks and hills,
And ev'ry flow'r, and ev'ry tree,
Ten thousand creatures warm with life,
Hath each a grateful song for thee.

But man was form'd to rise to heav'n
And blest with reason's clearer light:
He views his maker through his works,
And glows with rapture at the sight.

Nor can the thousand songs that rise,
Whether from air, or earth, or sea,
So well repeat Jehovah's praise,
Or raise so sweet a harmony.

Subject to wants, to thee he looks,
And from thy goodness seeks supplies:
And when oppress'd with guilt he mourns,
Thy mercy lifts him to the skies.



Children, whose little minds unform'd,
Ne'er rais'd a tender thought to heav'n;
And Men, whom reason lifts to God,
Though oft by passion downward driven.

Such too, who bend with age and care,
And faint and tremble near the tomb:
Who, sick'ning at the present scenes,
Sigh for that better state to come.

All, great Creator! all are thine:
All feel thy providential care;
And, through each varying stage of life,
Alike thy constant pity share.

And, whether grief oppress the heart;
Or whether joy elate the breast;
Or life still keep its little course;
Or death invite the heart to rest:

All are thy messengers, and all
Thy sacred pleasure, Lord, obey;
And all are training Man to dwell
Nearer to bliss, and nearer thee.

Greatest of Beings, source of life,
 Sov'reign of air and earth, and sea;
 All nature feels thy Pow'r, but Man
 A grateful tribute pays to thee.

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

GOD of my life! and Author of my days!
 Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
 And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
 That hallow'd name to harps of Seraphs sung:
 Yet here the brightest Seraphs could no more
 Than veil their faces, tremble, and adore.
 Worms, angels, men, in ev'ry diff'rent sphere
 Are equal all; for all are nothing here.
 All nature faints beneath the mighty name
 Which Nature's works, thro' all their parts pro-
 claim.

I feel that name my inmost thoughts controul,
And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul;
As by a charm the waves of grief subside,
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide:
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till ev'ry worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd;
Marks the young dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.
His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear;
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.

Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give;
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live:
From each terrestrial bondage set me free;
Still ev'ry wish that centers not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring scene,
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart—Beware!
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.

If friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name, emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th' illumin'd sky;

Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree;
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees;
With thee in shady solitudes I walk;
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In ev'ry creature own thy forming pow'r;
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul.
Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms;
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.

Then when the last, the closing hour draws
nigh,

And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand and stretch my view to either state,
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having liv'd to thee, in thee to die!

HYMN TO THE DEITY.

ARISE, my soul! on wings seraphic rise!
And praise th' almighty Sov'reign of the skies;
In whom alone essential glory shines,
Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundless
space confines.

When darkness rul'd with universal sway,
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;
First, fairest offspring of th' omnific word!
Which like a garment cloth'd its sov'reign Lord.
On liquid air he bade the columns rise,
That prop the starry concave of the skies;
Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,
And spread circumfluent æther round the whole.

Soon as he bids impetuous tempests fly,
To wing his sounding chariot thro' the sky,
Impetuous tempests the command obey,
Sustain his flight, and sweep th' aerial way.
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on high,

Unnumber'd hosts of radiant hearlds fly
From orb to orb, with progress unconfin'd,
As lightning swift, resistless as the wind.

In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,
And bade its centre rest for ever strong;
Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms, in vain
Assault the basis of the firm machine.
At thy almighty voice old Ocean raves,
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves;
Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,
And shoreless billows revel round the globe:
O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies.
But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,
That shook th' eternal firmament of heav'n;
The grand rebuke th' affrighted waves obey,
And in confusion scour their uncouth way;
And posting rapid to the place decreed,
Wind down the hills, and sweep the humble mead.
Reluctant in their bounds the waves subside;
The bounds, impervious to the lashing tide,
Restrain its rage; whilst with incessant roar,
It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.

By him, from mountains cloth'd in lucid snow,

Through fertile vales and mazy rivers flow;

Here the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,
That revels boundless o'er the wide champaign,
Imbibes the silver surge, with heat opprest,
To cool the fever of his glowing breast.

Here rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's pride,
Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide;
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay:
And, while thy praise they symphonize around,
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.

Wide o'er the heav'ns the various bow he bends;
Its tinctures brighten, and its arch extends:
At the glad sign the airy conduits flow,
Soften the hills, and cheer the meads below:
By genial fervour and prolific rain,
Swift vegetation clothes the smiling plain:
Nature profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,
And still is pregnant, tho' she still bestows.

Here verdant pastures wide extended lie, °
And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.
Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,
Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care:
Here vines mature with fresh carnation glow,

And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.
Erect and tall her mountain cedars rise,
Wave in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.
Here the wing'd crowd that skim the yielding air,
With artful toil their little domes prepare;
Here hatch their tender young, and nurse the rising
care.

Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,
While timid conies scour the plains below,
Or in the pendant rock elude the scenting foe.
He bade the silver majesty of night
Revolve her circles, and increase her light;
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
And taught the sun to regulate the year.
At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primæval night resumes her gloomy reign:
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
Howl thro' the spacious waste, and chace their
frighted prey.

Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy providence to ask his food!
To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies,
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes;

He roars; the desert trembles wide around,
And repercussive hills repeat the sound.

Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,
And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn:
The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.
Laborious man, with mod'rate slumber blest,
Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest;
Till grateful evening, with her argent train,
Bid labour cease, and ease the weary swain.

"Hail sov'reign goodness! all-productive mind!
On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find:
How various all, how variously endow'd,
How great their number, and each part how good!
How perfect then must the great Parent shine,
Who, with one act of energy divine,
Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design!"

Where'er the pleasing search my thoughts pursue,

Unbounded goodness rises to my view:
Nor does our world alone its influence share;
Exhaustless bounty and unwearied care
Extends thro' all th' infinitude of space,
And circles nature with a kind embrace.

The azure kingdoms of the deep below,
Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show:
Here multitudes of various beings stray,
Crowd the profound, or on the surface play:
Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,
And ev'ry product waft from shore to shore;
Hence meagre want expell'd, and sanguine strife,
For the mild charms of cultivated life;
Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,
And India joins in friendship with the pole.
Here the huge potent of the scaly train
Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main,
An animated isle! and in his way,
Dashes to heav'ns blue arch the foaming sea:
When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame,
Portending instant wreck to nature's frame,
Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks with conscious pride,
The volley'd lightning and the surging tide;
And while the wrathful elements engage,
Foments with horrid sport the tempest's rage.
All these thy watchful providence supplies,
To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes;
For them thou open'st thy exhaustless store,
Till the capacious wish can grasp no more,

But, if one moment thou thy face should'st hide,
Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd,
Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
And vents her grief in universal cries:
Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,
Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign;
Sea, earth, and air the boundless ravage mourn,
And all their hosts to native dust return.

But when again thy glory is display'd,
Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head;
New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,
And life rekindles at the genial ray:
United thanks replenish'd nature pays,
And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's praise.

When time shall in eternity be lost,
And hoary nature languish into dust,
For ever young, thy glory shall remain,
Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.
Thou from the regions of eternal day,
Viewest all thy works at one immense survey:
Pleas'd thou behold'st the whole propensely tend
To perfect happiness, its glorious end.

If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies:

Thou smit'st the hills, and at th' Almighty blow,
Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.

While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
Distends my breast, and animates my frame,
To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn;
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And nature in full choir shall join around.
When full of thee my soul excursive flies
Thro' air, earth, ocean, or thy regal skies;
From world to world, new wonders still I find,
And all the Godhead flashes on my mind.
When wing'd with whirlwinds, vice shall takes its
flight

To the deep bosom of eternal night,
To thee my soul shall endless praises pay;
Join, men and angels, join th' exalted lay!



OMNIPRESENCE
AND OMNISCIENCE OF GOD.

Me, O my God! thy piercing eye,
In motion, or at rest, surveys;
If to the lonely couch I fly,
Or travel through frequented ways;
Where'er I move thy boundless reign,
Thy mighty presence, circles all the scene.

Where shall my thoughts from thee retire,
Whose view pervades my inmost heart!
The latent, kindling, young desire,
The word, ere from my lips it part,
To thee their various forms display,
And shine reveal'd in thy unclouded day.

Behind me if I turn my eyes,
Or forward bend my wand'ring sight,
Whatever objects round me rise

Through the wide fields of air and light;
With thee impress'd each various frame,
The forming, moving, present God proclaim,

Father of all, Omniscient mind,
Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depths descend?
That wisdom, which, ere things began
Saw full exprest th' all-comprehending plan.

What cavern deep, what hill sublime
Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue?
What dark recess, what distant clime,
Shall hide me from thy distant view?
Where from thy spirit shall I fly,
Diffusive, vital, felt through earth and sky?

If up to heav'n's etherial height,
Thy prospect to elude, I rise;
In splendour there, severely bright,
Thy presence shall my sight surprise:
There beaming from their source divine
In full meridian light and beauty shine.

Beneath the pendant globe if laid,
If plung'd in hell's abyss profound,
I call on night's impervious shade
To spread essential blackness round;
Conspicuous to thy wide survey,
Ev'n hell's grim horrors kindle into day.

If through the fields of æther borne
The living winds my flight sustain,
If on the rosy wings of morn,
I seek the distant western main;
There, O my God! thou still art found,
Thy Pow'r upholds me, and thy arms surround.

Thy essence fills this breathing frame,
It glows in ev'ry conscious part;
Lights up my soul with livelier flame,
And feeds with life my beating heart:
Unfelt along my veins it glides
And through their mazes rolls the purple tides.

Thee, mighty God, my wondering soul,
Thee, all her concious powers adore;
Whose being circumscribes the whole,

Whose Eyes its utmost bounds explore:
 Alike illum'd by nature light
 Amid the sun's full blaze or gloom of Night.

Behold, O God! behold me stand,
 And to thy strict regard disclose,
 Whate'er was acted by my hand,
 Whate'er my inmost thoughts propose:
 If vice indulged their candour stain,
 Be all my portion bitterness and pain.

But, O! if nature, weak and frail,
 To strong temptations oft give way,
 If doubt, or passion, oft prevail
 O'er wand'ring reason's feeble ray,
 Let not thy frowns my fault reprove,
 But guide thy creature with a father's love.



CONTEMPLATION
ON THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSE.

WHENCE sprung this glorious frame! or whence
arose

The various forms the universe compose?
From what Almighty cause, what mystic springs
Shall we derive the origin of things?

Sing, heav'nly Guide! whose all-efficient light
Drew dawning planets from the womb of night!
Since reason, by thy sacred dictates taught,
Adores a Pow'r beyond the reach of thought.

First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!
Sole light of heav'n! acknowledg'd life of earth!
Whose Word from nothing call'd this beauteous
whole,

This wide expanded All from pole to pole!
Who shall proscribe the boundary to Thee?
Or fix the æra of Eternity!

Should we, deceiv'd by error's sceptic glass,

Admit the thought absurd—that Nothing was!
Thence would this wild, this false conclusion
flow,

That Nothing rais'd this beautiful All below!
When from disclosing darkness splendour breaks,
Associate atoms move, and matter speaks!
When non-existence bursts its close disguise,
How blind are mortals—not to own the skies!

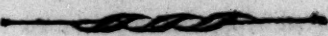
If one vast void eternal held its place,
Whence started time? or whence expanded space?
What gave the slumb'ring mass to feel a change?
Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range!
Could nothing link the universal chain?
No, 'tis impossible, absurd, and vain!
Here reason its eternal Author finds,
The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,
Enlivens matter, and produces minds!
Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows!
A nobler source those pow'rs ethereal show,
By which we think, design, reflect, and know;
These from a cause superior date they rise,
"Abstract in essence from material ties."
An origin immortal, as supreme,

From whose pure day, celestial rays! they came:
In whom all possible perfections shine:
Eternal, self-existent, and divine!

From this Great Spring of uncreated might!
This all-resplendant Orb of vital light:
Whence all created beings take their rise,
Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies!
Profusely wide the boundless blessings flow,
Which heav'n enrich, and gladden worlds below!
Which are no less, when properly defin'd,
Than emanations of th' Eternal Mind!
Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear
(Let unbelief attend, and shrink with fear!)
That what for ever was—must surely be
Beyond commencement, and from period free;
Drawn from himself his native excellence,
His date eternal, and his space immense!
And all of whom that man can comprehend,
Is, that he ne'er begun, nor e'er shall end.

In Him, from whom existence boundless flows,
Let humble faith its sacred trust repose;
Assur'd, on his eternity depend,
“Eternal Father! and eternal Friend!”
Within that mystic circle safety seek,

No time can lessen, and no force can break;
And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days!



GOD

THE OBJECT OF GENERAL PRAISE.

BEGIN, my soul, th' exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
 And praise th' Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
 To swell th' inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
 Ye scenes divinely fair!

Your Maker's wond'rous power proclaim;
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!
While all th' adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let ev'ry list'ning saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir:
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou moon protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade,

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night:
"Ye shades, dispel!"—th' Eternal said!
At once th' involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
 United praise bestow:
Ye dragons sound his awful name
To heav'n aloud! and roar acclaim
 Ye swelling deeps below.

Let ev'ry element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
 To him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
 And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low;
 Your great Creator own;
Tell when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
 And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects fluttering on the gale,
 In mutual concourse rise:

Crop the gay rose's vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

Wake all ye mounting tribes, and sing;
Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

Ye fair, by nature, form'd to move,
O praise th' eternal Source of love,
With youth's enlivening fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his bless'd name—then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

ETERNITY OF GOD.

THOU didst, O mighty God! exist
Ere time began its race;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space.

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd:

Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd;
Before the high celestial arch
Or starry poles were rear'd:

Before the loud melodious spheres
Their tuneful round begun;
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the Sun:

Ere thro' the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung;
Or to their harps the sons of light
Extatic anthems sung;

Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name;
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life;
Thy glory was the same.

And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck;

When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th' astonish'd sun roll back,
And all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake;

For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

IMMUTABILITY OF GOD AND THE
MUTABILITY OF THE WORLD.

JEHOVAH reigns: let ev'ry nation hear,
And at his footstool bow with holy fear;
Let heav'n's high arches echo with his name,
And the wide peopl'd earth his praise proclaim;
Then send it down to hell's deep glooms resound-
ing,
Thro' all her caves in dreadful murmers sounding.

He rules with wide and absolute command
O'er the broad ocean and the stedfast land;
Jehovah reigns, unbounded, and alone;
And all creation hangs beneath his throne:
He reigns alone; let no inferior nature
Usurp, or share the throne of the Creator.

He saw the struggling beams of infant light
Shoot thro' the massy gloom of ancient night;

His spirit hush'd the elemental strife,
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life:
Seasons and months began the long procession,
And measur'd o'er the year in bright succession.

The joyful sun sprung up th' ethereal way,
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay;
And the pale moon diffus'd her shadowy light
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night;
Ten thousand glitt'ring lamps the skies adorning,
Numerous as dew-drops from the womb of morn-
ing.

Earth's blooming face with rising flow'rs he drest,
And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast;
Then from the hollow of his hand he pours
The circling waters round her winding shores;
The new-born world in their cool arms embracing,
And with soft murmers still her banks caressing.

At length she rose complete in finish'd pride,
All fair and spotless, like a virgin bride;
Fresh with untarnish'd lustre as she stood,
Her Maker bless'd his work, and call'd it good;

The morning stars, with joyful acclamation,
Exulting sung, and hail'd the new creation.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Tho' built by God's right hand, must pass away;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings:
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

The sun himself, with weary clouds oppress,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest;
His golden urn shall, broke and useless, lie
Amidst the common ruins of the sky!
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glitt'ring foreheads in the ocean.

But fix'd, O God! for ever stands thy throne;
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone;
Th' eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected or diffus'd, is still the same.
He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

But oh ! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise :
Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight controul,
Revere him in the stilness of the soul ;
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

LOVE TO GOD.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crown our days ;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ ;

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse:

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land:
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores:

These to thee, my God, we owe;
Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these, my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit;

Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;

Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise;
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

PROVIDENCE.

As from some level country's shelter'd ground,
With towns replete, with green inclosures bound,
Where the eye kept within the verdant maze,
But gets a transient vista as it strays,
The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,
Whence opens all the scene as he ascends:
So Providence the friendly height supplies,

Where all the charms of Deity surprize;
Here Goodness, Power, and Wisdom all unite,
And dazzling Glories whelm the ravish'd sight!

Almighty Cause; 'tis thy preserving care,
That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair;
The sun from thy superior radiance bright,
Eternal sheds his delegated light;
Lends to his sister orb inferior day,
And paints the silver moon's alternate ray:
Thy hand the waste of eating time renews,
Thou shedd'st the tepid morning's balmy dews;
When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm;
Bids at thy will the slack'ning tempest cease,
While the calm ocean smooths its ruffled face;
When lightnings thro' the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,
Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke;
Thy word the fiend's commission can revoke;
When subterraneous fires the surface heave,
And towns are bury'd in the yawning grave,
Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail,
Thy sov'reign touch the recent wound can heal.
To Zembla's rocks thou send'st the cheerful gleam;

O'er Lybia's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream;
Thy watchful Providence o'er all intends;
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.

When man too long the paths of vice pursu'd,
Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood;
Gracious to Noah gave the timely sign,
To save a remnant from the wrath divine!
One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,
And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea;
Thou badst the deep his ancient bed explore,
The clouds their wat'ry deluge pour'd no more!
The skies were clear'd—the mountain tops were
seen;

The dove pacific brought the olive green.
On Ararat the happy Patriarch tost,
Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost;
There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,
The earth all verdant, and the air serene!
Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,
While Noah grateful adoration paid!
Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow
The promise of a safer world below.

When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
And rising Babel Heav'n with pride survey'd,

Thy word the mighty labour could confound,
And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.

From Thee all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empires, and the fall of kings!
See the vast theatre of time display'd,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph! and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy providence assign'd;
Their pride, their passions to thy ends inclin'd:
A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that remembrance says—*The things have been!*
' But (questions doubt) whence sickly nature feels
' The ague-fits her face so oft reveals?
' Whence earthquakes heave the earth's astonish'd
breast?
' Whence tempests rage? or yellow plagues infest?
' Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd store?
' Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pour?'
Go, sceptic mole! demand th' eternal cause,
The secret of his all-preserving laws!
The depths of wisdom infinite explore,

And ask thy Maker—why he knows no more?
Thy error still in moral things as great,
As vain to cavil at the ways of fate.
To ask why prosperous Vice so oft succeeds,
Why suffers Innocence, or Virtue bleeds!
Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,
By crimes grow pow'rful, and disgrace a throne!
Why saints and sages, mark'd in every age,
Perish, the victims of tyrannic rage;
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
Or Nero reign'd the delegate of hell:
In vain by reason is the maze pursu'd,
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good.
Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim
To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame,
As we direct, to God what should belong,
Or say that sov'reign wisdom governs wrong.
Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
Nor virtue unrewarded pass below!
Oft sacred justice lifts her awful head,
And dooms the tyrant and th' usurper dead;
Oft Providence, more friendly than severe,
Arrests the hero in his wild career;
Directs the fever, poniard, or the ball,

By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæsar fall :
Or when the cursed Borgias brew the cup
For merit, bids the monsters drink it up ;
On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,
Or fetters cunning, in its crafty snare :
Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,
And lays the proud oppressor in the dust !

But fast as time's swift pinions can convey,
Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,
When to the view of all created eyes,
God's high tribunal shall majestic rise,
When the loud trumpet shall assemble round
The dead, reviving at the piercing sound !
Where men and angels shall to audit come,
And millions yet unborn receive their doom !
Then shall fair Providence, to all display'd,
Appear divinely bright without a shade ;
In light triumphant all her acts be shown,
And blushing Doubt eternal Wisdom own !

Meanwhile, thou great Intelligence supreme,
Sov'reign Director of this mighty frame,
Whose watchful hand and all-observing ken
Fashions the hearts, and views the ways of men,
Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,

Or measures sparingly the daily bread;
Whether or wealth or honours gild the scene,
Or wants deform, and wasting anguish stain;
On Thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye!
Know that thy Providence, their constant friend
Thro' life shall guard them, and in death attend;
With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

CONFIDENCE IN THE PROVIDENCE
OF JEHOVAH.

THE God, whose universal sway
The tribes of Heaven and Earth obey,
Yields all my wants a full supply,
And guards me with a shepherd's eye.

His charge with prudent care he leads,
Where foodful verdure clothes the meads;
With guiding steps vouchsafe to go,
Where streams of health and comfort flow.

The precepts thy pure lips impart,
My mind illume, and mend my heart:
Their faithful power my life shall frame
To praise the great Preceptor's name.

Tho' Death sit brooding o'er the ground,
And spread thick gloom of horror round,
Vain all his terrors to controul
The purpose of my steadfast soul:
Jehovah's rod, a help and stay,
Confirms my step, and points my way.

With envious eye my foe will pine
To see the plenteous table mine:
Oil from thy bounteous hand shall shed
Pure streams of fragrance on my head:
Fill'd by that bounteous hand, the bowl
With healing juices cheers my soul.

Thy love, thy truth, shall guide my way
Thro' the lone vale of mortal day.
In thy blest courts my tongue shall raise
The greatful hymn of ceaseless praise.

CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

LORD, when my raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid my soul adore.

Where'er I turn my gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

The living tribes, of countless forms,
In earth, and sea, and air;
The meanest flies, the smallest worms,
Almighty power declare.

All rose to life at thy command,
And wait their daily food
From thy paternal, bounteous hand,
Exhaustless spring of good!

The meads, array'd in smiling green,
With wholesome herbage crown'd;
The fields with corn, a richer scene,
Spread thy full bounties round.

The fruitful tree, the blooming flower,
In varied charms appear;
Their varied charms display thy power,
Thy goodness all declare.

The sun's productive quickening beams
The growing verdure spread;
Refreshing rains and cooling streams
His gentle influence aid.

The moon and stars his absent light
Supply with borrowed rays,
And deck the sable veil of night,
And speak their Maker's praise.

Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear;
And O let man thy praise record;
Man, thy distinguish'd care.

From thee the breath of life he drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

Yet nobler favours claim his praise,
Of reason's light possest;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely blest.

Thy providence, his constant guard
When threatening woes impend
Or will th' impending dangers ward,
Or timely succours lend.

On me that providence has shone
With gentle smiling rays;
O let my lips and life make known
Thy goodness, and thy praise.

All bounteous Lord, thy grace impart;
O teach me to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love.

DEATH.

FRIEND to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,

I woo thee, Death! In fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy. Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them. At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
And wearied nature makes a gen'ral pause;
Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloysters drear
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
Of meagre phantoms, shooting cross my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
Of Death. Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Lav'd by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noontide beam, the Monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.
At his right hand, nearest himself in place

And frightfulness of form, his parent Sin
With fatal industry and cruel care
Busies herself in pointing all his stings,
And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
From her infernal store: around him rang'd
In terrible array, and mixture strange
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread Ministers.
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend: next him diseases thick,
A motly train; Fever, with cheek of fire;
Consumption wan; Palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-cold lump; joint-tort'ring Gout,
And ever-gnawing Rheum; Convulsion wild!
Swoln Dropsy; panting Asthma; Apoplex
Full-gorg'd. There too the Pestilence that walks,
In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys
At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
By Heav'n's command Death waves his ebon
wand,
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
And scatter desolation o'er the earth.

Ill-fated Man, for whom such various forms
Of mis'ry wait, and mark their future prey!

Ah! why, all-righteous Father, didst thou make
This creature, Man? why wake th' unconscious
dust

To life and wretchedness? O better far
Still had he slept in uncreated night,
If this the lot of Being! Was it for this
Thy Breath divine kindled within his breast
The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments?
For this dominion giv'n him absolute
O'er all thy works, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe? From the blest source of Good
Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul
ills

Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
The impious thought! God never made a creature
But what was good. He made a *living Soul*;
The wretched Mortal was the work of Man.
Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life
Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
No fear of change, no check to his desires,
Save one command: that one command, which
stood

'Twixt him and Death, the test of his obedience,

Urg'd on by wanton curiosity,
He broke. There in one moment was undone
The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand,
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let loose Sin
And Death, and all the family of Pain,
To prey upon Mankind. Young Nature saw
The monstrous crew, and shook thro' all her frame.
Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
Heaven's cheerful face to lowr, then vapours
choak'd

The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
To hide the willing Sun. The earth, convuls'd
With painful throes, threw forth a bristly crop
Of thorns and briars! and Insect, Bird, and Beast,
That wont before with admiration fond
To gaze at Man, and fearless croud around him,
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
Th' infection of his misery. He alone,
Who justly might, th' offended Lord of Man,
Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
Forsook not in this uttermost distress
His best lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd
(That best, that greatest comfort in affliction)

The countenance of God; and thro' the gloom
Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm
Th' offender's sinking soul. Hope sent from
Heav'n,

Upris'd his drooping head, and shew'd afar
A happier scene of things; the Promis'd Seed
Trampling upon the Serpent's humbled crest;
Death of his sting disarm'd; and the dark grave,
Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
No more the limit but the gate of life.

Cheer'd with the view, man went to till the
ground,

From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil
As to a punishment, yet (ev'n in wrath,
So merciful is Heav'n) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against Disease and Death. Death, tho' denounc'd,
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm
Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years
One solitary ghost went shiv'ring down

To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable Patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way; Labour prepar'd
His simple fare, and Temp'rance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening Zephyr, and as sweet,
Were all his slumbers; with the Sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as He, to run
His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant
strength,

He stemm'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
And looking round, saw all the vallies fill'd
With nations from his loins; full-well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of time was Man;
So calm was life, so impotent was death!
O had he but preserv'd these few remains,

The shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heav'n from the sad wreck
Of innocence primæval, still had he liv'd
In ruin great; tho' fall'n, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset
With Death in every shape! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes.—'Twas Man himself
Brought Death into the world; and Man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiply'd destruction on mankind.

First Envy, eldest-born of Hell, embrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the Sons of Men
To make a Death which Nature never made,
And God abhorr'd; with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life:
Puny impiety! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power: more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast. *One Murder made a Villain,*

Millions a Hero. Princes were privileg'd
To kill; and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will Kings forget that they are Men?
And Men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death! Still Monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!

Yet say, should Tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to bray,
Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive branch, and give the world repose,
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and
strength, and youth
Defy his pow'r? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of war? Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds

A heav'nly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury. War its thousands slays,
Peace its ten thousands. In th' embattled plain
Tho' Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in th' intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless Love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting,
Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course.
Safe glides his little bark along the shore
Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plung him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe 'midst Indian wilds
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To freedom's holy cause, than so to fall,

Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to Vice, Intemp'rance, and Disease.
Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye Sons of Pleasure, by th' Almighty strick'n,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murd'rous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of
Justice,
And be your own avengers! Hold, rash Man,
Though with anticipating speed thou'st rang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days;
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair;
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And, ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge a while, look down and see
Thy future mansion. Why that start of horror?
From thy slack hand why drops th' uplifted steel?
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about him,
Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back

With insolent disdain his choicest gift?
Live then, while Heav'n in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away,
By penetential tears and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul, so unappall'd shalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His ling'ring stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live, with patience wait
Th' appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,
Tho' Nature run her course. But Nature's God,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life. O when he comes,
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme
To Heav'n ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath,
Forth from his bosom plucks his ling'ring arm,
And on the miscreants pours destruction down,
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure? In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride

Th' astonish'd earth, and from his looks throws
round

Unutterable horror and dismay.

All nature lends her aid. Each element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of heav'n;
The fountains of the deep their barriers break;
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown Creation; or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
An impious race. Sometimes, when all seems peace,
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a
youth

Floats on his wat'ry bier, or lies unwept
On some sad desert shore! At dead of night,
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:
Contagion, close behind, taints all her steps
With pois'nous dew; no smiting hand is seen,
No sound is heard, but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge, near;
All, all, is false and treacherous around;
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death.

But ah! what means that ruinous roar? why fail
These tott'ring feet? Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in ev'ry pore,
Hurls to the ground with one convulsive heave
Precipitating domes, and towns, and tow'rs,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of general devastation, millions find
One common grave; not ev'n a widow left
To wail her sons: the house, that should protect,
Entombs its master; and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
Starts from beneath him. Shield me, gracious

Heav'n,

O snatch me from destruction! If this Globe,
This solid Globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray;
If my own mother Earth, from whence I sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
Where look for succour? Where, but up to thee,
Almighty Father? Save, O save, thy suppliant
From horrors such as these! At thy good time
Let Death approach; I reckon not—let him but come

In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke;
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
On this World's brink, and look into the next;
When my soul starting from the dark unknown
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life;
Then shed thy comforts o'er me, then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms then starting up,
Plant themselves around my couch in grim array
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd torture,
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghastly crew! And in their stead
Let cheerful Memory, from her purest cells,
Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair,
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heav'nly balm

Of conscious innocence. But chiefly Thou,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from Heav'n
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die;
Disdain not Thou to smoothe the restless bed
Of Sickness and of Pain. Forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
Till my rapt Soul, anticipating Heav'n,
Bursts from the thraldom of incumb'ring clay,
And on the wing of Extasy upborne,
Springs into Liberty, and Light and Life.



THE GRAVE.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage,
(Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life) the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
Th' appointed place of rendezvous where all
These trav'lers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread
thing!

Men shiver when thou 'rt nam'd: Nature appall'd
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
Thy long-extended realms and rueful wastes,
Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark
night,

Dark as was Chaos ere the infant sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams
Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper,
By glimm'ring thro' thy low-brow'd misty vaults,

Furr'd round with mouldy damp, and ropy slime,
Lest fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which
were;

There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
The wind is up: hark how it howls! Methinks,
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul
bird

Rook'd in the spire screams loud; the gloomy isles
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
scutcheons,

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,

The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their
slumbers,

In grim array the grizly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen
Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
Again! the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.
Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
Coeval near with that all ragged shew,
Long lash'd by the rude winds: some rift half
down

Their branchless trunks: others so thin a-top,
That scarce two crows could lodge in the same
tree.

Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd
here:

Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs:
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.
Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching-time of night.

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moon-shine, chequ'ring thro' the
trees,

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely-phrase who lie below;
Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels:
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
Who gather round and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow too I've sometimes spied,
Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
Listless she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks

She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and solder of society!

I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,
Anxious to please. O! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors thro' the under wood
Sweet murm'ring, methought, the shrill-tongu'd
thrush

Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd ev'ry note;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower

Vied with his fellow-plant in luxury
Of dress. O! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youth-
ful blood,

Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the man of health
Complexionally pleasant? where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war,
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe;

And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim!
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? pliant and pow'rless now;
Like new-born infant bound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife;
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful Grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Araby's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
O cruel irony! these come too late;
And only mock whom they were meant to honour.
Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's buried

In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
Above the vulgar; born to rot in state!

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding
on,

Stately and slow; and properly attended
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad!
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glitt'ring in the sun! triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th' unwieldly show; whilst from the case-
ments

And house tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd,
Hang bellying o'er. But tell us why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcass
That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which

You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,
Pursues thee e'en to death; nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from the rude sufferance.

Absurd! to think to over-reach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,
Those bold insurers of eternal fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tap'ring pyramid, th' Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world! whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long out-liv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th' injuries of heav'n,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
Gives way. O lamentable sight! at once

The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time: his cank'ring hand,
With calm deliberate malice, wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood;
Th' oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest, now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert,
Vain thought, to hide them from the gen'ral'scorn,
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
Implacable. Here too, the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And well for neighb'ring grounds, of arm as short;
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,

And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature with his lord)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his
kinsman;

Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind,
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd
flatt'ry,

And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before!
The Grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What has thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?

Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid;
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd. For this was all thy caution?
For this thy painful labours at thy glass,
T' improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul
feeder!

Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.

Look how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
Stand, thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honest effusion! the swoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength too! thou surly, and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard hunted beast. How his great heart

Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! what now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well spread
 shoulders?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!
O! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard ye that groan?
It was his last. Se how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty
 boaster!

To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the
 bull,

Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife!

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye

Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And trav'ling thro' the boundless length of space
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In extacy of thought. But ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head:
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue warrior lies! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to passers-by.

Great man of language! whence this mighty
change,

This dumb despair and drooping of the head?
Though strong Persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly Insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue,
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and
silence

Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,

With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!
Raz'd from the book of fame: or, more provoking,
Perhaps some hackney, hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock-defrauders of the tomb!
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son,
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand! from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave!
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,

With the long list of vouchers for thy cures!
Alas! thou speak'st not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons!
Who meanly stole, discreditable shift!
From back and belly too their proper cheer;
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah! where are his rents, his comings in?
Aye! now you've made the rich man poor indeed:
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind?
O cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death!
To him that is at ease in his possessions,
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come!
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain! how wishfully she looks

On all she's leaving, now no longer hers!
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage! mournful sight!
Her very eyes weep blood; and ev'ry groan
She heaves is big with horror: but the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through ev'ry lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on;
Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die! my soul!
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulph in view!
That awful gulph no mortal e'er repass'd,
To tell what's doing on the other side!
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting!
For part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its Judge;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death was nothing, and nought after death;
If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung, then might the de-
bauchee .

Untrembling mouth the heav'ns; then might the
drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bugbear Death;—then might the
wretch

That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel:
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could
force

The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes? Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there is an *hereafter*
{And that there is, conscience uninfluenc'd
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man)
Then must it be an awful thing to die;

More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder! name it not; our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act?
Forbid it 'Heav'n! let not upon disgust
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt!
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage,
To rush into the presence of our judge!
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such: these herd together;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd! and all our days are number'd!
How long, how short, we know not: this we
know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heav'n shall give permission:
Like centries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait th' appointed hour, till they 're reliev'd.
Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away

Is but a coward's trick: to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark! tis mad:
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead! will none of you in pity
To those you left behind disclose the secret?
O! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be,
I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death: 'twas kindly done
To knock and give th' alarum. But what means
'This stinted charity? 'tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice? I'll ask no more;
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves: well—'tis no matter:
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shaft's fly thick! Here falls the village
swain,

And there is pamper'd lord! The cup goes round;
 And who so artful as to put it by?
 'Tis long since death had the majority;
 Yet, strange! the living lay it not to heart.
 See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
 The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle!
 Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
 A gentle tear; with mattock in his hand
 Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaint-
 ance

By far his juniors! scarce a scull's cast up,
 But well he knew its owner, and can tell
 Some passage of his life. Thus, hand in hand,
 The sot has walk'd with Death twice twenty years;
 And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
 Or clubs a smuttier tale; when drunkards meet,
 None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
 More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds
 not

That soon some trusty brother of the trade
 Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
 Drop off, like leaves in Autumn; yet launch out
 Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers

In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could scarce have leisure for; fools that we are!
Never to think of Death and of ourselves
At the same time! as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish;
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive; when for aught we know
The very first sworn surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones?
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet!
The shiv'ring Iclander, and sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before,
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian,

Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negociators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts:
How vain their treaty-skill! Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
From his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel
tyrant,

With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes,
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,
Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.

Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child
 Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
 Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch;
 Here is the mother with her sons and daughters;
 The barren wife; the long-demurring maid,
 Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
 Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
 Not to be come at by the willing hand.
 Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
 The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
 Cropp'd like a rose, before 'tis fully blown,
 Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
 Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
 And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
 Whose ev'ry day was made of melody,
 Hears not the voice of mirth: the shrill-tongu'd
 shrew,
 Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
 Here are the wise, the gen'rous, and the brave;
 The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
 The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
 The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
 The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
 The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,

With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and well pleas'd,
Smil'd on his last fair work! Then all was well:
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they should,
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what may be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom: summer seas
Shew not more smooth when kiss'd by southern
winds,
Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd,
The gen'rous soil with a luxuriant hand
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed, thrice blessed days! but ah, how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slipp'ry state of things! What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! to-day most happy,

And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our Sire; Not long he enjoy'd
His paradise! scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone
Ne'er to return again. And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
With flaming sword, forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder! Man has sinn'd
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: nor try'd in vain.
Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.
Alas! too well he sped: the good he scorn'd

Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,
Not to return; or if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short, and far between:
Whilst the black dæmon with his hell-scap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error, which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, sin!
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions; but for thee
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things
Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils,
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big swollen inundation,

Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threat'ning more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching at a wide extended blow
Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
Compar'd to thee are harmless. Sickneses
Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thing! See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round!
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her
heels,
Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-
morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,

And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But hold! I've gone too far; too much discovered

My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.

Here let me pause! and drop an honest tear,

One burst of filial duty and condolence

O'er all those ample desarts Death hath spread,

This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!

Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not sated yet!

Unheard-of epicure, without a fellow!

The veriest gluttons do not always cram;

Some intervals of abstinence are sought

To edge the appetite; thou seekest none.

Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd

And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,

This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.

But ah! rapacious still thou gap'st for more;

Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,

On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,

And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings:

As if Diseases, Massacres, and Poison,

Famine and War, were not thy caterers!

But know that thou must render up thy dead,

And with high interest too! they are not thine;

But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.—

Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge. We know,
Th' Illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy pow'r
Thou couldst not hold; self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent.
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)

Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And shew'd himself alive to chosen witnesses
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n. Methinks I see him
Climb the ærial heights, and glide along

Athwart the severing clouds; but the faint eye,
Flung backward in the chase, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heavn's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out; as some great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train; it was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between, a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears!
But nor untrod, nor tedious; the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom;
But strait our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by the riv'let's brink a youngster play;
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd,
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away

From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome
Death!

That, after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wish'd for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death disarm'd
Loses his felness quite; all thanks to him
Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the ev'ning tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was,
His riper years should not upbraid his green:
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting!
High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
After the prize in view! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away!
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest! Then! O then!

Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd!
'Tis done, and now he's happy! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too, in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain: the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial-earth,
Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long committed dust
Inviolate: and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye prophane;
Ask not, how this can be? Sure the same pow'r
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts
And put them as they were. Almighty God
Has done much more; nor is his arm impair'd
Thro' length of days; and what he can he will:
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring dust

Not unattentive to the call, shall wake;
And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake his partner; but amidst the croud,
Singling its other half into its arms,
Shall rush, with all th' impatience of a man
That's new come home, who having long been
absent,
With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting!
Nor time, nor death shall ever part them more.

'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.

Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely break
Cov'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-
YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the Moon complain
Of such, as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
heap,

Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twitt'ring from the straw-built
shed

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Of did the harvest to their sickle yield;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their teams afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, th' inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn ile and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture
deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd
muse,

The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, ling'ring, look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:

Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate:

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That writhes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;

Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him
borne,
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear;
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd)
a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE DELUGE.

THE Patriarch rescued from the general wreck
Of Nature, and a disobedient World
For foul revolt, and rebel anarchy,
Quick swallow'd in one vast and boundless deep,
I sing:

Say, Sophist vain, who doubt'st if God
By wat'ry desolation burst the shell
Of Earth's huge convex, why the hoary oak,
And rifted pine beneath the cavern's deep
Hide their proud heads? on the Cloud-piercing
hill,

Ossa or Pelion, why has Ocean left
His produce, vermeil coral, blanch'd shell,
And weed? why sleeps the Tyrant of the Nile,
Arm'd with thick scales, like serried plates of steel,
In dank Pannonia's marshes?—Was it chance?
Or did the rough conflicting wave unite
What clime, what Nature sever'd? these sad
wrecks

Shall pensive Contemplation's votary trace,
And mark the awful ruin, dire effect
Of guilt, and violence. Thy sons, good Seth,
No more to Abel's God their fatlings bring;
Nor temperate shepherds drink the living Stream,
Which from its native rock, pure beverage, falls
In artless melody. The verdant board
Nor cress, nor berries deck; luxurious Art
Usurps the place of chaste Simplicity,
And Innocence primeval. Whence that shout,
Herald of riot's orgies? from yon tent,
Profuse of all the tints gay Fancy sheds,
An airy group of fair adventurers pass,
With floating robes, that from the gorgeous sun
Reflect their gallantry. From Eastern Nod
This laughing bevy came; anon the lute,
And timbrel's dulcet cadence floats around,
Unhallow'd minstrelsy! flowers crown their hair,
Myrtle and rose: fair to the admiring eye
They seem'd, and cast in Nature's loveliest mould
Their perfect form; but all was false within,
Corrupt, lascivious; daughters they of Cain,
Outcast from God, degenerate seed of Men.
With these the Shepherds dalliance held; too soon

By wanton smiles, by mincing delicate airs,
And words, than oil more smooth, estrang'd from
God's

Mild service; and that sov'ran homage due
To one Supreme, by rankest vice o'erspread,
And prostitution foul: 'twas dance, 'twas song,
'Twas revel all: the morn, the evening came,
And still 'twas jollity: from smould'ring lust
Connubial love caught inauspicious fire,
And veil'd his sacred mysteries in blood.
Then did rank Incest, and Polygamy,
Unnatural pair, rush forth; a giant brood,
(Such as Typhæus, feign'd of ancient bards,
Or Otus, sprung from Neptune,) deeds atchiev'd
Of puissant prowess, and rough hardiment.

Nor could thy form, or gentle eloquence
Like heaven's dew melting on the bladed grass,
Prevail, O Noah. Much of right, and wrong,
Of God's tempestuous and devouring wrath,
In vain you preach'd to hearts perversely steel'd
Against conviction: but fierce vengeance now
Brooking nor intercession, nor delay,
Wax'd fiery red. "Quick hence; the Ark as-
cend,

"Thou, with thy sons, and daughters, reptile,
beast,

"Insect, and bird of every wing, by pairs,

"To propagate their kind." Th' Almighty spake:

For still a remnant of the world to save
Long since he had determined. From the hill
Stout timber Noah fell'd, and shap'd the ark
Obedient: huge the vessel's bulk, and built
with spacious entrance; nor was wanting food
For cattle, or for man. God gave the word;
The patriarch enter'd, and the gate was clos'd.

White shine the breaking billows, silver foam,
Prognosticating storm; the screaming mew,
And rav'nous bittern skim along the brine
Low dropping, or their pinions half inclose
In the dark spray; bright spots of ruddy fire
Flecker the azure vault, with dusky hue
Deep skirted, couriers of the Storm—anon
With furious expedition falls the rain
Darting impetuous down; the scowling sky
Darkness invests, deep doleful shade, one night
Night palpable; save where athwart the gloom
The glaring vollied lightning serv'd to shew
Sad piteous scenes of horror and dismay;

Despairing victims struggling up the elm,
Or ragged oak, and in a moment swept
By fury irresistible; some gain
The rock, and thence with haggard look descry
Their wives, their panting children in mid way
Pursu'd, or dash'd against the pointed cliff,
Sad sport of whirlwinds. At thy stern rebuke,
Lord of the roaring tempest, at thy voice
The waters swift ascend the rough steep cliff;
And in the bosom of the vale down sink
At once: and hark! the Ocean's thundering gate
Has burst its hinge, and on the continent
Disgorg'd its might; while on the winged storm
Terror triumphant rides. The dismal dash
Of wave on wave, loud howling winds, the Earth
Rent too her centre by a thousand shocks,
Each shock, a ruin, only sounds the trump
Of elemental war a pregnant cloud
Dilated, like one dark pavillion hangs,
Dreadful suspense! then bursts with all its rage
Collected: cataracts of smoking rain
Their wild displeasure spend; earth-delving spouts,
Swift hurricanes, hails, blasting volleys, Land
Made sea, the sea one wide waste infinite.

Deep groan the heaving caverns: mineral wrath
 Sublim'd, with nitrous vapour from beneath
 Ascends, and subterraneous thunder shakes
 The solid center of the teeming earth.

The Spirit of the waters stalks abroad
 Exulting in the storm, and drives the winds
 Transverse along heaven's champain, which 'gin
 blow

In hardy opposition. He with arm
 Gigantic, and grim joy, troubles the deep,
 Which rose from earth to heav'n: the lashing
 surge

Impetuous rolls, and had a Ship been there,
 Devouring winds had torn the crackling mast
 To atoms piecemeal, or had blown it, light
 As buoyant gossamer, between the ridge
 Of riding waves; an horrible gulph and dark
 Yawns ghastly, and at intervals displays
 A grave of living horror. Hell her gate
 Wide opens; Satan from his flaming throne
 Shouting upleaps: Hope on his pale crest sits,
 Short visitant! with gloomy joy he sees
 The comeliness, and beauty of the world,
 Ravag'd by mutinous, and wasting waves.

Full many a Cubit deep beneath the surge
Lay Athos, and that peak, which flouts the sky,
Proud Teneriff: Earth's massy pillars sunk
With thund'ring crash beneath th' Atlantic deep.
Lost was Niphates; lost the Armenian haunt
Of God, that paragon of Nature's wealth,
Fair Paradise; where Eve, espoused late,
Slept upon Amaranth's immortal bloom.

Full forty nights, and forty days, the rain
Fell unremitted: Mountains, rivers, rocks
Sunk in contentious waves. Thy ark alone,
O Noah, (so the sov'ran Architect
Ordain'd) surviv'd the wreck: nor did that ark
Want sail, or steerage, by an hand divine
Guided invisible. Of cypress built
And gopher, buoyant wood, she won her way
Like some rich merchant's vessel, laden deep
With Macao's spicy freightage: naptha sheath'd
The hulk, and close asphaltos, unctuous mass,
From chafing waves, from pungent salt secure.

"Cease rain" pronounc'd th' Almighty; the
rain ceas'd.

Again the fleecy cloud with orient pearl
Was sown, and glowing sapphire. High the sun

Rode in meridian glory; and the waves
Subsiding, sunk as if by gentle stealth
Insensible. On Ararat the ark
Stopt. From whose brow the patriarch sent his
dove,

Light courier; she nor green tree found, nor sand
To rest her printless foot, but hied her home
With ruffled breast, and plumage sprent with dew.
What bodes her second embassy? a shoot
Of olive, cheerful green, upon her bill
Shines graceful: trembling haste, and eager joy
Beam from the eye of Noah, as he greets
The sure criterion of abated flood.
Again she prunes her wing; but not again
To beat her barriers, shall the bird return;
No: in the well-known mead, or grove, a nest
She weaves, and warbles wild her artless notes;
Or drinks ambrosial nectar from the rill.

Now was all Nature drest in freshest green,
Pure from the dregs of grosser earth, which wind
And wave had swept away. Mild Zephyr sheds
Refreshing breezes, which the meadows down
Impress not, as they blow; so brave a world
It seem'd, so passing fair, that the eye hung

Enamour'd of its charms. Thy cautious hand,
Good Patriarch, wide the lattice of the ark
Unfolded, curious dome; upon whose roof
Was etch'd the chronicle of month, and day;
While the sun, quivering thro' her sable gate,
Reflects the gleam of thousand golden plumes,
Star-spangled insects, eyes of living fire,
Darting their mingled radiance thro' the gloom.

With mind uprais'd, and firm not hasty step,
The patriarch disembarks: white shone his locks,
The pride of reverend age; and white his beard
As the fresh snow on Rhodope: his look
Was joy, chastis'd by temperance and fear,
Fear, such as wisdom prompts, as Angels feel.

Next with his wife came Shem, whose numerous
seed

O'er Asia swarm. Amid the blazing mines
Of Coromandel, from the golden stream
Of Ganges, to Siberia's northern tract
Spread the far distant tribes: some pitch their tent,
Where the pale crescent bends o'er Mecca's shrine
In Araby; or where the Persian breath'd
To Susa's satraps, and tiara'd kings,
Soft adulation. Some Sumatra fill,

And Borneo cinctur'd by the burning line;
Or drive the furious Tartar, savage clan,
From Pekin's wall. Who knows, but some frail
bark

From Corea's amber sea, by thwarting winds
Into the vast Pacific madly driven,
Might light on California's pointed shore;
And give to Mexico her feathered chiefs,
Long e'er Columbus swept the Atlantic deep?

Who lightly vaults along the verdant plain,
Fresh from the Ark? father of distant tribes,
Illustrious Ham! for him shall Africa
Extend her dreary waste of naked sand;
Him Sire of light Egyptian priests shall hail
Alorus; to his name in Lybia's wild,
Suppos'd Ammonian Jove, shall temples rise
Oracular: from Barca to the Cape,
Where Capricorn descends in fev'rous fire,
His line shall spread: for him shall Niger foam
With thund'ring torrent, like another Nile,
And with dark billows desolate the land.
Ah land of sorrow! whence in other times
Thy sable warriors to some distant isle
Europa's ships shall waft; to clank the chain

Of servitude, to bow beneath the lash,
 And curse the Christian, who from innocent tears
 Relentless turns, and weakly deems, that clime,
 That colour can debase the free born mind.

In order last, not least in fame, descends
 Great Japhet; destin'd in Europa's soil
 To lay the seat of many a mighty throne,
 Princedom, and Royalty. His polish'd sons
 Shall lead fair Science to the bank, where flows
 Ilyssus, classic stream; shall wild flowers strew
 In some Ægean isle, where Homer sung;
 And draw from Maro's harp sweet melody,
 To lull Trinacria's deep. The Gothic swarm
 Of Frank, and Vandal, and the blue ey'd host
 That skirt the Baltic, Lapland's frozen sons,
 And that fair isle, which awes the continent,
 And on her hoar cliff nurses Liberty,
 Queen of the Sea, Britannia, from his seed
 Shall rise.

All these, the progeny, and pride
 Of Noah, disembark'd; these faithful found
 Among degenerate thousands. Next a group
 Of colours motley, and fantastical,
 Were fil'd in rank grotesque, and snuft the air

With eager appetite: Bird, reptile, beast,
E'en to the imperial monarch of the wood,
From the poor pismire. Each his element
Seeks reluctant: reptiles delve in earth;
The gaudy fluttering insect from the sun
Kindles the gleam of his transparent wing;
The tawny beast explores his sylvan haunt;
And birds exulting, lessen in the sky.

But ah! what vision lights yon sable cloud,
Reflecting from the Sun's magnetic beam
Cœlestial radiance? from the silver drops
Of quivering rain, refracted rays of light
Drink life, drink lustre; and in many an hue,
Break from the showery prism! some with a faint
Vibration strike the eye, and mildly sketch
The violet's tint, which hems the fringed arch
Half fading; some with bold vermilion paint
Th' interior side, and twine in radiant spires
Of roseate hue, which fire the kindling sky.
While mellower tints of intermediate light
More soft, as more refracted, crown thy green,
Ætherial Spring, with the warm burnish'd gold
Of ruddy autumn: nor unheeded pass
The cone of tender blue, and bolder line

Of deep imperial purple. See it bends
 In bright enchantment! beauty-mingled maze,
 How shall I right address thee? Bow of God,
 Or rather faithful Witness in the cloud
 Dost thou delighted hear? thy gorgeous train
 Sweeps the mid sky, in living lustre clad,
 Half circular. O fear not, Earth, again
 To shed thy green luxuriance, nor to play
 Thy artless virgin fancies, wildly free,
 As Nature shall direct; for now mild spring,
 And harvest shall repay the labourer's toil;
 Now deep shall blush the purple vintage; low
 Shall bend the clust'ring fruit's compliant boughs,
 And laughing Plenty raise her balmy horn.

Fear not, O Earth; contentious waves no more
 With bitter blast shall sweep thy gallant sons,
 Like trembling leaves, away! thy sure appeal
 Is yon bright curve, thy sure protection, God.
 Oft shall the bright reflection paint the lap
 Of Arcady, where old Penëus curls
 His silver wave translucent; there the swain
 On sloping lawn, or level down, shall mark
 The gaudy phantom melting into air,
 Of pasture fresh, and grey unclouded dawn,

Sure presage! oft shall God gladden the groves
Of myrrh, and the sweet wilderness of balm
With showers, and from his gay enamelled bow
Shed lucid fruitfulness; some aged spire
Shall rise behind in pensive ivy clad,
And awful silence crown the lovely scene.

Far o'er the horizon of the troubled sea,
What time the storm retires, the bow shall dip
Its woof in skygrain'd tincture, from the back
Of some dun cloud emerging by degrees,
All bright, all vivid: this, Philosophy,
Deep musing maid, shall oft at eve descry,
And with her chrystal prism contract, dilate
Its frangible and particoloured rays,
Thy boon, Astronomy's adventrous child,
Sage Newton! this religion's votary
Shall greet with rapture, shall with pray'r pursue;
And to his progeny the cause explain.

" Rejoice my Son, and on thy heart pourtray

" Yon mystic characters, that stamp the cloud.

" Once was the world degenerate, once was sunk

" In wasting waters; but by yon fair bow

" The Almighty swore, that not again should Man

" Provoke his vengeance to let tempests loose

“ Against this goodly earth. Hence in the clouds
 “ He checks the mass of waters; hence rebukes
 “ The roaring sea, if haply his proud surge
 “ High swell impetuous; seals the vast abyss;
 “ And locks the fountains of the unfathom’d deep.”

TO SUPERSTITION.

Saw ye that dreadful shape? heard ye the scream
 That struck my trembling soul?
 E’en now, e’en now, where yon blue lightnings
 gleam
 Dread forms of horror scowl—
 I know thee Superstition, fiend whose gloom
 Delusive clouds the mind,
 Demon accurst! from Nature’s hideous womb
 Of foul mishapen kind,
 Of ghastly Fear, and darkest Midnight born,

Far in a blasted dale,
Mid Lapland's woods, and noisome wastes forlorn,
Where lurid hags the moon's pale orbit hail:
In the drear depths of whose gigantic shade,
The stream of infant blood
Damps the blue flame, and o'er th' unhallow'd
glade
Hell's murky vapour breathes the conscious wood.
With hollow shriek and boding cry,
Round the wither'd witches hie,
On their uncouth features dire,
Gleams the pale and livid fire;
The charm begins, now arise
Shadows foul, and piercing cries,
Storm and tempest loud assail,
Beating wind and rattling hail;
Thus within th' infernal wood,
Dance they round the bubbling blood,
Till sudden from the wond'ring eye,
Upborne on harpy wing they fly,
Where, o'er the rude inhospitable wild,
Mid the lightning's arrowy glare,
Or at the balmy close of evening mild,
They're seen to glide athwart th' affrighted air.

Hence from my bosom, thy dread workings hence!

In the deep silent hour

Thy terrors, brooding o'er each active sense,

Their with'ring visions pour;

Then rise strange spectres to the pilgrim's view,

With horrid lifeless stare,

And gliding float upon the noxious dew,

And howling rend the air.

Oft near yon leaf-clad solitary fane,

Whilst morn yet clasps the night,

Some ghost is heard to sound his clanking chain,

Beheld mid moon-beam pale and dead to sight;

Nor less unfrequent the lone trav'ler hears

The sullen-sounding bell,

And the dim-lighted tow'r awakes to fears

Of haunted mansion, brake, or darkling dell.

Haste thee, Superstition, fly!

Perish this thy sorcery!

Why in these gorgon terrors clad,

But to affright, afflict the bad,

'Tiss thee, O Goddess! thee I hail,

Of Hesper born, and Cynthia pale,

That wont the same rude name to bear,

Yet gentle all and void of fear;

O come, in Fancy's garb array'd,
In all her lovely forms display'd,
And o'er the Poet's melting soul,
Bid the warm tide of rapture roll
To dying music, warbling gales,
Mid moonlight scenes, and woody vales,
Where Elves, and Fays, and Sprites disport,
And nightly keep their festive court;
There, mid the pearly flood of light,
In tincts cerulean richly dight,
Light-sporting o'er the trembling green,
Glance they quick thro' the magic scene,
And from the sparkling moss receive,
Shed by the fragrant hand of Eve,
The silver dew, of matchless pow'r,
To guard from harm at midnight hour
The lonely wight, who lost, from far,
Views not one friendly guiding star,
Or one kind lowly cottage door,
To point his track across the moor,
Whilst the storm howling, tells his mind,
Some spirit rides the northern wind,
And 'plaining, mourns his cruel doom,
On tempest hurl'd and wintry gloom:

Oft too, along the vales at eve,
Shall Sprites the songs of gladness weave,
With many a sweet and varied flight,
Soft warbling hymn the setting light,
Heard far th' echoing hills among,
Whilst chaunting wild their heav'nly song,
Till lost in ether dies away,
The last, long, faint and murm'ring lay;—
These on the lonely Bard attend,
With him the mountain's side ascend,
Or in the valley's lowly plain,
Rapturous breathe the melting strain;
These lift his soul beyond her clime,
To daring flights of thoughts sublime,
Where, warm'd by Fancy's brightest fire,
He boldly sweeps the sounding lyre :
Come then, with wild flow'rs, come array'd,
O Superstition, magic maid!
And welcome then, suggesting pow'r!
At evening close, or midnight hour,—

THE CRUCIFIXION.

WHAT means that female troop, that mournful
croud?

Who sigh so frequent, and lament so loud?
Their breasts, who beat, and rend their flowing
hair?

And fill with echoing groans the troubled air?
Behold the slow, the melancholy train!
Who weeping wail their Saviour's toilsome pain!
As to the mount he bears his cross along,
Forc'd and insulted by the faithless throng.
Meantime foul Sin the load sits pressing down,
And ghastly Death the victim deems his own.
And now he hears the lamentable sound!
The Saviour beams celestial looks around!
As in those looks tranquillity they see,
Awhile they cease to sigh, from sorrow free.
So rich in light the morning's rays arise!
And so from morning's rays dull darkness flies!
"Weep not for me." Ye mourful women hear!

"But for yourselves, your children drop the tear!"
The patient sufferer speaks! "your children's woes!"
"Which soon, too soon, shall hast'ning years disclose!"

"When hostile troops (your city compass'd round)
"With native blood shall stain your holy ground"
"And the rack'd parent see her child newborn,
"From fond affection's nursing bosom torn.
"Dash'd on the stone, the bleeding babe shall lie,
"And yield its spirit, mounting to the sky.
"Which guardian Angels meet, consign'd to teach
"It's infant wings the heav'ns high throne to reach:

"This world unknown, it finds a blest abode;
"From guilt and misery sav'd; but giv'n to God.
"When Famine's rage, with fix'd unpitying eye,
"Distracting sense, bids nature's feelings die.
"When by maternal hands, the child shall bleed,
"And on the life it gave mad Fury feed.
"Mourn for yourselves, no more for me complain!
"For me shall mortal pity bleed in vain!
"He is my shepherd, and I own his care,
"Each secret thought, who knows, is ev'ry where.
"Approv'd by him these pangs, these sorrows right,

“Who rules in wisdom and who reigns in might,
“Content my heav’nly Father’s will I knew,
“And came on earth, content that will to do.”
Come! Holy Spirit! Come! With pow’r, descend!
Thy rapid course through realms celestial bend!
My humbler voice, my feeble song inspire!
And warm my earthly soul, with purer fire!
In hallow’d strains a mortal fears to sing,
And asks for fancy’s aid, a Seraph’s wing.
Wrapt in a trance, as once the Apostle lay,
So let my ravish’d soul be stol’n away!
To scenes empyrial and eternal light,
Compar’d to which our intellect is night!
There freed from grosser sense, enraptur’d move,
And taste extatic bliss; in joys above!
Where thousand suns intolerably bright,
Would quench with blazing richness, mortal sight;
Where myriad harps attune their swelling sounds,
And fill’d with echoing myriads, Heav’n resounds,
To this again, all earthly minstrelsy,
Is coarse and dull, and void of harmony.
Now softer than the gales that o’er the deep,
Scarce wet their weary wings, o’ercome with sleep;
When Summer’s ruddy evening warmly glows,

And all the glassy sea reflects repose.
 Now louder than the thunder's deepest roar,
 Which shakes the frightened earth from shore to
 shore.
 Than this more full, more rich, but yet more
 sweet,
 For themes eternal and almighty meet.
 Oh let me bring one ray! one strain from thence!
 And wake to rapture, low terrestrial sense!
 Behold that scene of death and agony!
 Is that my Saviour bleeding on the tree?
 His tortur'd limbs the nails extending pain,
 And bloody streams, in woeful course, distain.
 Forbear, O impious men! your taunts forbear!
 Nor injure him, who makes you all his care!
 O spare his sacred life, who rais'd the dead!
 O save the pow'r, which fainting thousands fed!
 And will you mock his thirst with nauseous gall,
 Who sheds the precious streams of life for all?
 Who from the well of God, a fount supplies,
 Perpetual current clear, that never dries!
 See! as ye pierce his sacred bleeding side,
 How nature weeps of grief a copious tide!
 Ah see! He faints! He bows his holy head!

The Lord of life is number'd with the dead!
Now mourn O earth! ye Heav'ns dissolve in
tears!

Creation groans aloud! all matter hears!
The sun turns red as blood, and hides his light,
And wrapt in clouds, and blushing shrinks from
sight.

The atrocious acts of men, in darkness veils;
Conceals their guilt; his present shame conceals.
Nor will the moon her feebler light supply,
And e'en the stars refuse to gild the sky.
And only fit to shine on deeds of shame,
The rapid lightnings dart their livid flame.
E'en the dull earth of feeling void before,
Finds horror vibrate through each gaping pore.
Convulsive earthquakes shake from pole to pole,
And ope their hellish caverns as they roll.
The Temple's veil is rent,—to close no more,
And bursting rocks resound, with hollow roar.
It's prisoners no more the grave can bind;
E'en there no hallow'd rest, the blessed find;
For waking ghosts arous'd, with wild affright,
Glide through the depths of temporary night;
Forsake the place, where long in peace they lay,

And through the dismal scene, like meteors play.
The fires of hell a brighter blaze assume,
And ten-fold burnings light it's thick-ribb'd gloom.
As now it's fiends exult with calm'rous voice,
In shouts of horror dissonant rejoice.

Deep sighs, deep echoings sighs, the Heav'ns invade;

Now first awhile distress, first wretched made.

Angilic forms, by grief oppress'd, move slow,
And taste an untried, momentary woe:

When murm'ring through the regions of the
blest,

The mournful sounds disturb'd their happy rest,
Surpris'd awhile they pause, and pausing hear,
What hearing, Oh amazement! Angels fear.

Nor more surpris'd—if so we may compare,
And shall not song on venturous pinons dare?

Fam'd Montezuma's million squadrons stood,
Thick, as the leaves that strew some aged wood;
Thick, as the waving fields of laughing corn,
Which many a wide extended plain adorn.

When Cortes saw new thousands in array,
Upon his few advancing, check their way;
The deep-mouth'd engines spoke with thund'ring
roar,

Nor more amaz'd with sounds unheard before,
Destruction dark the feather'd troops assail'd,
And flew invisible, throughout the field.
With consternation seiz'd, they backward prest,
As from new forms of death they flew in haste.
Or thus within some large and populous town,
Where steeples tall an earthquake topples down,
The affrighted croud scarce knowing where to fly,
Gaze petrified; or struck with terror, die.
And is no friend, no true Disciple near?
From the dread scene, the sacred corpse to bear?
To see the last kind debt of friendship paid?
And in the tomb the wreck of insult laid?
Where are the chosen twelve? are they too flown?
Come! Peter, come! and now thy Master own!
Danger recedes, alas! I see but one;
Who with the Mother joins to mourn the Son!
Can you forget the wonders, which he wrought?
Or the wise lessons so divinely taught?
Can you forget the looks, the acts of love?
O'er holy breasts sure gratitude should move!
Where are the cleansed now? Unthankful men!
What shall not one be grateful found in ten?
Where are the men once loos'd from death's close
bands?

Will ye not snatch his corpse from impious hands?
 Will ye not place his body in the tomb?
 Who call'd you back in spite of nature's doom?
 Ye tongues, to torpid silence once consign'd!
 Forbad to tell the movements of the mind,
 "O spare his last remains, ye wicked," say!
 For him who taught you how to pray, now pray.
 And you ye deaf! upon whose ravish'd ear,
 He pour'd the strains of charming converse, hear!
 One rich, one pious man at length, I see,
 Who takes the lifeless body from the tree.
 Sepulchral rites his pious hand prepares,
 And with great cost discharges holy cares.
 In mercy's acts are riches well employ'd!
 And by the good so us'd, are best enjoy'd!
 That faded form how pale, now Pity view!
 Relent, O Rage! since more you cannot do!
 Behold that face, in death benign and meek!
 Which to the smiters turn'd it's patient cheek;
 Nor ever look'd with one indignant frown,
 When vile Derision plac'd the thorny crown,
 And with harsh blows, the goaring points beat
 down.
 That hand, now clos'd in death, shall ope no more!

Nor rais'd in pray'r; nor stretch'd to feed the poor!
That tongue no more it's blest instruction give!
Recall floun life, or bid the dying live!
Those eyes, how dull, which beam'd celestial rays!
Inviting sin to turn from error's ways!
Where Penitence, e'er it could form it's pray'r,
Look'd up, and read forgiveness speaking there.
But short, O Death! shall this thy victory be!
The son of God, Almighty God shall free!
Soon shall he quit thy dark, thy transient reign,
And rise triumphant from the grave again;
Seek in his Father's seat, a blest abode,
And in the rest he purchas'd, live with God!
Then for thy captives lost, thou Death, shalt
mourn!
And grieve that thou alike must die, in turn!
That cross, which now is view'd with abject scorn,
In future triumphs shall be proudly borne.
To this shall Nobles bend, and Princes kneel:
All passion curb, and all diseases heal.
The proud shall look, and then be proud no more,
And humbly join in worship, with the poor.
Thy reign, O Great Messiah! shall be peace!
Fury shall sleep; slow-wasting sorrow cease!

The world no more by passion's rage distressed,
Shall feel external ease, and mental rest.
The soul shall to an higher rapture move ;
And change all human into Heav'nly love.
To thee shall floods of mighty nations flow,
And to thy Heav'nly Father's worship bow :
Exalt his praise, invoke his holy name ;
With firmer truth, and with a purer flame :
Long, as his pow'r shall light the solar ray,
Or teach the moon to emulate the day.
And when the sun itself, no longer bright,
Shall quench it's failing fires, in endless night.
When all the matter of this solid sphere,
Where order, grace, and harmony appear,
Shall to an atom shrink, or melt away ;
It's beauty vanish, and it's force decay ;
Messiah's glorious reign shall still improve,
And all be goodness, all be bliss and love.



CYRUS'S COMMISSION.

" SHEPHERD of God, go on, anointed Prince,
 " Perform my Pleasure, and subdue my foes.
 " I, saith the Lord, have girded thee with strength,
 " Rais'd thee to glory, and will guide thee still.
 " Yes, I will guide thee, tho' a God unknown.
 " Go up to Babylon. Her iron bars
 " My arm shall sunder, and her brazen gates
 " Burst open. Go, pour vengeance on her head.
 " Fill the exhausted quiver, mend the shield,
 " Make sharp the sword, and give the spear a point.
 " O cursed Babylon, the King of Kings
 " Musters the host of battle. God has op'd
 " His blazing armoury, and Angels bear
 " The weapons of his anger. Lo! he comes,
 " Midnight about him, clouds and rolling smoke,
 " His chariot riding on the wings of wind
 " Heavy with wrath. His fiery lips are full
 " Of grievous indignation, and his breath,
 " Devouring flame, consumes his foes before him.

" The sun is darken'd, and the moon eclips'd,
 " No constellation shines. His mighty voice
 " Roars in the wilderness; the mountains melt,
 " And kingdoms perish at the lighting down
 " Of his sulphureous arm. Who shall escape?
 " The heav'ns are shaken, and the earth removes.
 " Daughter of Babylon, come down, come down,
 " Sit in the dust, thy glory is no more.
 " Tender and delicate, thy throne is lost.
 " Go to the mill, become a slave, and grind.
 " His whirlwind shall pass thro' thee. Bel shall
 " fall,
 " Nebo and Merodach. The living God,
 " Who laid the deep foundations of the world,
 " Spread out the heav'ns, and scatter'd them with
 " stars,
 " Sends a destructive besom thro' thy streets,
 " And makes a man more precious than the gem
 " Dear as the wedge of Ophir. Haughty King,
 " The sound of battle thunders at thy gates,
 " Thy walls are compass'd by a roaring sea,
 " Whose waves shall cover thee. Prepare the feast,
 " Plant watchmen in the tow'r, eat, drink, and
 " sleep.

" Arise, ye princes and anoint the shield,
" A lion rages at the palace gate.
" The sword has enter'd Babylon, the sword
" Devours her multitudes. Her drunken Lords
" Sleep a perpetual sleep. Her gates are burst,
" Her river fails, and all her springs are dry.
" The monarch hears the shouting of the foe,
" His hands are feeble, and his heart is faint.
" One post returns, another is dispatch'd,
" And ev'ry messenger confirms the news,
" His heroes are destroy'd, his city lost.
" Terror has freez'd the channels of his blood,
" His loins are loosen'd, and his trembling knees
" Smite one another. With a coward's frown
" He looks upon the wall, demands his sword,
" Curses the prophet, and exhorts his friends,
" His arm scarce able to sustain his shield,
" His falt'ring tongue too feeble to command.
" Ah! cruel tyrant, Hell beneath is mov'd,
" And opes her jaws immeasurably wide
" All hunger to receive thee. Kings departed
" Lift up their heads, and welcome thy approach.
" And art thou weak as we? Where is thy pomp,
" And the sweet music of thy gorgeous court?

"Is this the man who made the Earth affraid,
 "Shook thrones, and ruin'd kingdoms with his
 "frown ?

"Is it all come to this ? A little grave,
 "Worms and a winding-sheet ? How art thou
 "fall'n !

"How is the hammer of the earth destroy'd !
 "O proud as Lucifer, the morning's son,
 "'Twas in thy heart to sit above the clouds,
 "To place thy throne among the stars of God,
 "And reign, like him who reigns alone, most high,
 "But thou hast fallen from the heights of heav'n,
 "And art gone down into the depths of Hell."

"Remnant of Jacob, cast away the yoke,
 "Return again and feed thy flocks in peace,
 "On Carmel and on Bashan. Plant the vine
 "On Ephraim and Gilead and be glad.
 "Would thou hadst heard me when my prophet
 "spoke,

"Thy neck was iron, and thy brow was brass.
 "I smote thee in my anger. Thou art left
 "Few as the gather'd vine or shaken olive,
 "Two or three berries on thy topmost bough,
 "On all thy fruitful branches four or five.

"Return again, and let me close thy wounds
 "And give thee health. Thy city shall be built.
 "Again the voice of mirth shall fill thy streets,
 "The bridegroom and the bride shall dance and
 " sing,
 "The young, and the grey-headed shall rejoice,
 "Thy garners shall be fill'd with corn and wine,
 "None shall be found complaining in thy streets,
 "No eye shall sorrow, and no tongue lament.

THE FATE OF TYRANNY.

ISAIAH XIV.

"OPPRESSION dies: the Tyrant falls:-
 "The golden City bows her walls!
 "JEHOVAH breaks th' Avenger's rod.
 "The son of wrath, whose ruthless hand
 "Hurl'd desolation o'er the land,

" Has run his raging race, has clos'd the scene of
" blood.

" Chiefs arm'd around behold their vanquish'd
" Lord;

" Nor spread the guardian shield, nor lift the
" loyal sword.

" He falls; and Earth again is free.

" Hark! at the call of Liberty,

" All Nature lifts the choral song.

" The Fir-trees, on the mountains head,

" Rejoice thro' all their pomp of shade;

" The lordly Cedars nod on sacred Lebanon:

" Tyrant! they cry, since thy fell force is broke,

" Our proud heads pierce the skies, nor fear the
" Woodman's stroke.

" Hell, from her gulph profound,

" Rouses at thine approach; and all around,

" Her dreadful notes of preparation sound.

" See, at the awful call,

" Her shadowy Heroes all,

" Ev'n mighty Kings, the heirs of empire wide,

" Rising, with solemn state, and slow,

" From their sable thrones below,
" Meet, and insult thy pride.
" What, dost thou join our ghostly train,
" A flitting shadow light, and vain?
" Where is thy pomp, thy festive throng,
" Thy revel dance, and wanton song,
" Proud King! corruption fastens on thy breast;
" And calls her crawling brood, and bids them
" share the feast.

" Oh Lucifer! thou radiant star;
" Son of the morn; whose rosy car
" Flam'd foremost in the van of day:
" How art thou fall'n, thou King of light!
" How fall'n from thy meridian height!
" Who said'st the distant poles shall hear me, and
" obey.
" High, o'er the stars, my sapphire throne shall
" glow,
" And as JEHOVAH's self, my voice the heav'ns
" shall bow.

" He spake, he died. Distained with gore,
" Beside yon yawning cavern hoar;

" See where his livid corse is laid.
 " The aged Pilgrim passing by,
 " Surveys him long with dubious eye,
 " And muses on his fate, and shakes his reverend
 " head.
 " Just heav'ns! is thus thy pride imperial gone?
 " Is this poor heap of dust the King of Babylon?

" Is this the Man, whose nod
 " Made the earth tremble: whose terrific rod
 " Levelled her loftiest cities? Where he trod,
 " Famine pursu'd, and frown'd;
 " Till nature groaning round,
 " Saw her rich realms transform'd to deserts dry;
 " While at his crouded prison's gate;
 " Grasping the keys of Fate,
 " Stood stern Captivity.
 " Vain Man! behold thy righteous doom; !
 " Behold each neighb'ring monarch's tomb;
 " The trophied arch, the breathing bust,
 " The laurel shades their sacred dust;
 " While thou, vile Out-cast, on this hostile plain,
 " Moulder'st, a vulgar corse, among the vulgar
 " slain.

" No trophied arch, no breathing bust,
" Shall dignify thy trampled dust:
" No laurel flourish o'er thy grave.
" For why, proud King, thy ruthless hand
" Hurl'd Desolation o'er the land,
" And crush'd the subject race, whom King's are
" born to save:
" Eternal infamy shall blast thy name,
" And all thy sons shall share their impious
" Father's shame.

" Rise, purple Slaughter! furious rise;
" Unfold the terror of thine eyes;
" Dart thy vindictive shafts around;
" Let no strange land a shade afford,
" No conquer'd nations call them Lord;
" Nor let their cities rise to curse the goodly
" ground.
" For thus JEHOVAH swears; no Name, no
" Son,
" No remnant shall remain of haughty Babylon.

" Thus saith the righteous Lord:
" My Vengeance shall unsheath the flaming sword

" O'er all thy realms my Fury shall be pour'd.

" Where yon proud city stood,

" I'll spread the stagnant flood ;

" And there the Bittern in the sedge shall lurk,

" Moaning with sullen strain :

" While sweeping o'er the plain.

" Destruction ends her work.

" Yes, on mine holy mountain's brow,

" I'll crush this proud Assyrian foe.

" Th' irrevocable word is spoke.

" From Judah's neck the galling yoke

" Spontaneous falls, she shines with wonted state ;

" Thus by MYSELF I swear, and what I swear is
Fate.



FORTITUDE.

I LOVE the man, whose giant soul
Spurns at Opinion's tyrant sway,
To no vile despot yields his heart ;
Disdaining Fashion's proud controul,
He turns from Folly's glitt'ring way,
Dares nobly trample on the pride of Art.

War's bloody fiends, with wrathful ire,
Bid o'er the fields their legions fly,
Far o'er the main bid Rage extend ;
He that can hate their martial fire,
Can scan their souls with Reason's eye,
Is to Britannia's Bards a bosom friend.

Stern Winter triumphs in the sky,
Sad Nature's woful face deforms,
Fell Horror spreads her sable wing ;
He can the giant Fear defy,
When sweep around the raging storms,
And with undaunted soul can laugh and sing.

He dreads no thunders of the night,
 When roaming o'er the pathless waste,
 When toiling on the mountain'd wave;
 And he can smile at gnashing Spite,
 Whilst Envy *speeds with hellish haste*,
 To bid her tallon'd fiends around him rave.

He nor vile Wealth's bewitching glare,
 Nor titles high that Pride bestows,
 Beholds with eyes of keen desire:
 How fails the venom'd look of Care,
 To shake his bosom's calm repose,
 When all the gleams of soothing Hope expire!

When, felt in flames of sore disease,
 Death's dagger'd throngs invade his heart,
 He still unconquer'd meets the shock;
 Firm as a mountain, still at ease,
 He smiles unmov'd, nor feels the dart,
 But stands a champion bold on Heav'n's eternal
 rock.

HYMN TO CONTENT.

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye!
 O seldom found, yet ever nigh!

Receive my temperate vow:
 Not all the storms that shake the pole
 Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
 And smooth unalter'd brow.

O come, in simple vest array'd,
 With all thy sober cheer display'd,
 To bless my longing sight;
 Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
 Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
 And chaste subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
 O gently guide my pilgrim feet
 To find thy hermit cell;
 Where in some pure and equal sky

Beneath thy soft indulgent eye
The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in Attic vest,
And Innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening thro' this vale of tears
A vista to the sky.

There Health, thro' whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to meet:
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread
He bow'd his meek submitted head,
And kiss'd thy sainted feet.

But thou, oh nymph retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale;
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose, and violet blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day.

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And every storm is laid;
If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
Low whispering thro' the shade.

END OF VOL. I



